MIKE
$.50
Plex Romer.
KC

"104.5 Shore FM. Warm ocean vibes, hot jungle nights..."
--for the lucky *sixth* caller who can identify *this* sound...
--winner will head up coaching duties for one of the city's new baseball teams...
Can you get the phone, Manny? That's a guy in a leather jump-suit doing the ... *YMCA*.
Opinion polls low, the president, desparate...
... I left them in the packet. Take them out but leave them to thaw on the draining board.
Hey, Mike. Hey. Look. I don't have that cash yet but if you're...
...into guns, I got this *nine* here. No serials, no safety...
Gubba *goo-goo!*
Just get me the cash. No instalments. Don't play me like a dummy.
--I got no problem calling you *Daddy*. I can make that work.
You *do* and we'll go for ice-cream later. My treat.

Hey, what'd you owe Mike for?
Hey, shut your fucking mouth.
So, Mike. They tell me you have a radio at home.
--crept up from from behind the sofa, he's at my neck hairs with the *tweezers*.
Hit him, Mike. Yours or not, don't be afraid to lay a belt on him.
A foul and thick reek, hobbling *atrocities*...
Little Mike here's our competition winner.
MARINE RESEARCH INSTITUTE
I take it you want to know about my fish-men, hey? My *wet boys*? Mnng...
So *you're* leather jump-suit. *Hm*. I thought dolphins, but I couldn't get through.
What? No. Paul, man... come on.

As for science, my fish-men, I have decided, they will have the nest in *this* location, off-shore.
BENGALI
MOOJ VILLAGE
MORRISTOWN
NOOY-LAND
MADANDUNGA
...What?
Shhh! Mike, Mike, Mike. Easy, man. Hell. You want a second scoop, right?
Exciting news about the nest, Paul. I'm sure it'll be great. Mighty science.
Two words, Tom. *Aquatic Stadium.*
MARINE RESEARCH INSTITUTE
So he *didn't* say about a fish-man baseball team?
Come on, Mike. Keep it cool. Don't go spoiling a nice day.
The guy's out of an egg-sack himself. He's not even *dry* yet.
Keep pushing and see who doesn't get a milkshake.
"I saw those fish-men he was making... Abominations..."
--gotta *keep* on with the belt. Turn the radio up *real* loud.
But if you beat them 'til they can't *move,* they'll be *way* more hassle.

So what the hell does an *away* game look like!? And if he's talking *inter-league*, then how many of these freaks is he baking?
It's 104.5 Shore FM for the drive home after work. *Week days*. Four 'til six.
Hoo.
I'm out of touch. I'm lost. I'm out of love. I'm slipping.
Hmnn...
My Daddy had a hat like that, Mike. Let me have it.
I'd love to, Tom. Believe me. But, *no can do*. Secret camera, yeah?
I wanted to get one with the *razor sharp* brim!
Tom, I've got to take off. I don't think I have to explain.
One week, then it's your knees.
But I need them for work.
Man's dreams lay on a möbius strip.
--father to a whole new race. *Imagine. God!*
ENVIRONMEN
DEPARTMENT

--*Wet Wednesday.* Then, later, introduce *Fish-man Fridays.* Perhaps a Saturday morning cartoon.
I will get my fishwife, *and* my clutch...
I'll have your prize-pack ready by the door.
Yeah, cheers. Cheers, Dave.
Well done on the *what's-that-sound.*
What can I tell you, Hank. I've lived a rich, full life.
Mike, we want you *and* Manny to coach a team.
I'm in. *We're* in. Hell. Anything out of the house is fine. Cheers. Deb's...
Cheers yourself. It's gonna be wild, Mike. Special diving-bells for humans, *wet* suits for the fish-men. We'll hold the play-offs on a partially submerged field... *Big time.*
Let me tell you, Tom's reading a whole other book.
His divorce is tearing him apart. That's what that is.
Well, shoot. Send me that paper-work, Daddy.
I was the minister at his wedding, Mike. These are sad times we're living through.

Let me be foreward, Mike. I'm in this for the *fishwives.* You want one?
You build an underwater motel, you get back to me.
I'LL PUT YOU DOWN FOR A SPORTY ONE!
Let's pray history is kind to us, Dave. I don't want to... *you know...*
I'm sure it's fine, Hank.
Man's dreams do not lay on a spectrum.
End of the line.
TOC! TOC!
Hand over the frog snaps, I'm late for some wife thing with the kid. Squeaks and whistles sort of thing.
Huh?
You're Mike, right? Shore FM? Leather jumpsuit?
It's his daughter. Good kid. Clarinet recital.
You come in like the blazes, don't you? Got that *little guy* pep.
Screw off. I coulda been coach. *YMCA...*

If my back wasn't on fire, I'd slug you out of the park.
Can it with the *pony* bullshit, eh?
Hey! *I thought* we said on the drive over it's a *stallion!* --Gk!
Look, this is too many dudes. --Here. But it ain't spy stuff.
Little fish-man doggy!
Gubba *goo-goo!*
It's just, me and Manny have a scrapbook. No big deal.
It's for memories. Manny's out today, is all. Scrapbook.
Couple of guys... *Friends...*
Keep one eye shut, though. And don't look too close. I'm *stressed.*
The whole reel's all *raw cuckoo* stuff. Get me?
I might.

The world is the will of mankind. The one is the other.
The game got turned *off*. I lost my high scores.
Tom, what I'm saying is, you don't have to go *home*, but you...
Apparently for some kind of *sick* scrapbook. He's a simple oaf.
We got lucky, Phil. Sleep well tonight, huh?
I guess there's gonna have to be *doodles* for this one, Jen.
Mission's off, Aggy. Call it in, huh? You're done for the night.
Great. That's great... That's just *fucking great...*
Yo! Steve, baby! Wanna earn some demerits?
Mighty Mike! Long time. Hop on in.
TAXI
Hammy? What's got up you?
He told me what the... the photos...
Don't you dare, Hammy! That's my treat! My treat! --Gn!
I would never spoil your treats. Never *ever*.

Now I've got to go to that *fucking recital!* God fucking damn!
TUMP TUMP
Any of you boys on the west side got a death wish? We got calls coming in hot on a cab pushing ninety going...
...cross-town. All kind of *cuss* coming out of that thing.
POLICE
Either way, gonna lie down forever! *Thattaway!*
The pension or the grave!
WWEEEEE
Steve, take a look at that would you? *Twins.*
Ain't you get that leather jump-suit? That was you, huh?

"Fruit on"? Didn't that place used to sell carpet?
Steve, I've been out of town for too long.
Place was a *stained glass* workshop before these fruit guys took over.
WWWHHHH
After the carpet guys left--. *Oh shit! Mike!*
Scooters are *quick!* I'm gonna slug 'em a *homer.*
VROOAAR
He rounds first and makes for second. Fly ball...
SCREE
A fumble! Pigs fumbled it! It's away! It's out there!
Young man. There's no need to feel down.

104.5 Shore FM
There's no need to be unhappy.
Alright, Steve. We're in the dug-out. My fucking back.
10-4 Good buddy. The Demerits win! Hoo! I'm gonna *forget* this!
SCRASH
Born already! Shit, Mike. Humans gonna *trounce* your ass!
--*vats!* They're born already as a full man. A *fish-man!*
Bound. Cursed.
You ain't gonna be *shit* for a coach! Humans got that *ughh!*
Fin.